

Boston, Nov. 1, 1840.

My dear George:

68 When I was on the other side of the Atlantic, father Time hobbled along upon his crutches in the slowest and most painful manner; but now his speed outstrips that of every locomotive in the land. I cannot keep up with him, nor within sight of him; and this must be my excuse for not having answered your letter sooner. In regard to bro. James's case, I am cheered to hear that he has improved in health, so far even as to gain flesh. You say that he is anxious to visit Boston. Of course, I do not wish to have him remain in Brooklyn, contrary to his desires; nor do I wish you to be put to any expense or trouble on his account. Yet I do earnestly desire that he will remember, that it is not in his power (in spite of all his good resolves) to visit this city, without falling in the way of temptation, and being overcome by it. He can find safety only in absenting himself from the company of seamen, at least as much as possible. I know this may seem hard, and almost insupportable, to dear James; but is it not much worse, much more hard, for him to be a degraded and miserable man? Still, if he inclines to come to Boston, let him do so, and I will do the best for him that lies in my power. I do not want him to feel that he is a prisoner; for nothing permanently will be gained, except it be carried by moral suasion. Bro. May informs ^{me} that he had several interesting conversations with James, and thought he had improved very considerably. If he could make up his mind to remain in Brooklyn during the winter, it would be the best thing he can do.

I am truly rejoiced (and so is Helen) to hear that mother is willing to come to Cambridgeport again, and be with us during the winter. To Helen, her company and assistance are invaluable. I am at a loss to know how we can do without her. I am aware that there is nothing particularly attractive at our house to win her from Brooklyn; and this makes it more kind in her to be willing to take up her abode with us. The meeting of the Rhode-Island State Society will take place (I believe) on the 23d and 24th inst. If convenient, I wish mother would be in Providence at that time, so as to return with me. Let me beseech you not to fail to be at that meeting. Something must be done to prevent the last state of Rhode-Island being worse than the first. Remember your former connexion with the State Society, and do not at so perilous a crisis leave it to perish ignominiously. If we resolve upon it, we can have a good meeting.

[The call for the Saltbath, ministerial and church Convention is beginning to make a mighty stir among the priesthood, and even to fill with dismay some of our professed anti-slavery friends. Cowards! not to know that truth is mightier than error, and that it is darkness, and not light, that is afraid of investigation. Several of our subscribers have already discontinued their papers on account of the publication of the Call in the Liberator, and more, I suppose, will soon follow their example. The New-Hampshire Patriot, Vermont Chronicle, New-York Observer, Zion's Herald, Boston

Transcript, Greenfield Gazette, Lynn Puritan, American Sentinel, &c. &c. are out in full blast about it. They attribute it all to me, of course; some of them insisting that my name is appended to the call. You will see, in the next Liberator, what they have said. This will be the occasion of a fresh attack upon my devoted head, and also upon the Liberator, to crush it. - But, truly, none of these things disturb ^{me} } I can "smile at Satan's rage, and face a frowning world," for my trust is in the Lord, and Christ is my Redeemer. Dear George, come on to the Convention, and do not say, "I cannot." Bring bro. Wright with you, and friend Love, and as many of the Brooklyn friends as possible. These are solemn, glorious, stirring times to live in! Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. So, come along!

The barrels of apples that you sent was truly acceptable. Give my thanks (and Helen's also) to friend Scarborough, for his very timely and acceptable present of quinces. They were very nice; and if he will come to Cambridgeport, he shall have "a taste of their quality" as they are preserved. Bro. May speaks of his visit to Brooklyn with a great deal of pleasure. He will be at the Sabbath Convention. I hope the health of sister Sarah is improved. Poor Eliza Davis, it seems, is near the termination of her earthly career. "What shadows we are!" Love to all the household. In great haste,
Your loving brother, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single.



George W. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.